And make them know what tis to let a Queene
Kneele in the ſtreetes, and beg for grace in vaine.
Come, come, ſweet Emperour, (come *Andronicus*)
Take vp this good old man, and cheere the heart,
That dies in tempeſt of thy angry frowne.
King. Riſe *Titus*, riſe, my Empreſſe hath preuaild.
Titus. I thanke your maieſtie, and her my Lord.
Theſe words, theſe lookes, infuſe new life in me.
Tamora. *Titus* I am incorporate in Rome,
A Roman now adopted happily,
And muſt aduiſe the Emperour for his good,
This day all quarrels die *Andronicus*,
And let it be mine honour good my Lord,
That I haue reconcil'd your friends and you.
For you Prince *Baſsianus*, I haue paſt
My word and promiſe to the Emperour,
That you will be more milde and tractable.
And feare not Lords: and you *Lauinia*,
By my aduiſe all humbled on your knees,
You ſhall aske pardon of his Maieſtie.
All. We doe, and vow to heauen, and to his highnes,
That what we did, was mildly as we might,
Tendring our ſiſters honour and our owne.
Marc. That on mine honour heere I do proteſt.
King. Away and talke not, trouble vs no more.
Tamora. Nay, nay, ſweet Emperour, we muſt all be friends
The Tribune and his Nephews kneele for grace,
I will not be denied, ſweet hart looke back.
King. *Marcus*, for thy ſake and thy brothers heere,
And at my louely *Tamoras* intreats,
I doe remit theſe young mens haynous faults,
Stand vp: *Lauinia*, though you left me like a churle,
I found a friend, and ſure as death I ſwore,
I would not part a Batchiler from the prieſt.

Come,

21. *All.* not in edit. of 1594. 24. *Marc.*
25. *Satur.* Away — — 29 *Satur.* Marcus &c

Come, if the Emperours court can feaſt two Brides,
You are my gueſt *Lauinia*, and your friends:
This day ſhall be a loue-day *Tamora*.
Titus. To morrow and it pleaſe your Maieſtie,
To hunt the Panther and the Hart with me,
With horne and hound, weele giue your grace bon iour.
Saturn. Be it ſo *Titus*, and gramercy to. *Exeunt*
ſound Trumpets, manet Moore.
Aron. Now climeth *Tamora* Olympus toppe,
Safe out of Fortunes ſhot, and ſits aloft,
Secure of thunders cracke or lightning flaſh,
Aduanc'd aboue pale enuies threatning reach,
As when the golden ſunne ſalutes the morne,
And hauing gilt the Ocean with his beames,
Gallops the Zodiacke in his gliſtering coach,
And ouer-lookes the higheſt piering hills.
So *Tamora*.
Vpon her wit doth earthly honour waite,
And vertue ſtoopes and trembles at her frowne.
Then *Aron* arme thy hart, and fit thy thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy Emperiall Miſtris,
And mount her pitch, whome thou in triumph long
Haſt priſoner held, fettred in amorous chaines,
And faſter bound to *Arons* charming eyes,
Then is *Prometheus* tide to *Caucaſus*.
Away with ſlauiſh weedes and idle thoughts,
I will be bright and ſhine in pearle and gold,
To waite vpon this new made Empereſſe.
To waite ſaid I? to wanton with this Queene,
This Goddeſſe, this Semerimis, this Queene,
This Syren, that will charme Romes *Saturnine*,
And ſee his ſhipwracke, and his Common-weales.
Hollo, what ſtorme is this?
Enter Chiron and Demetrius brauing.

1. 30. this nymph 26. Seruile thoughtes.